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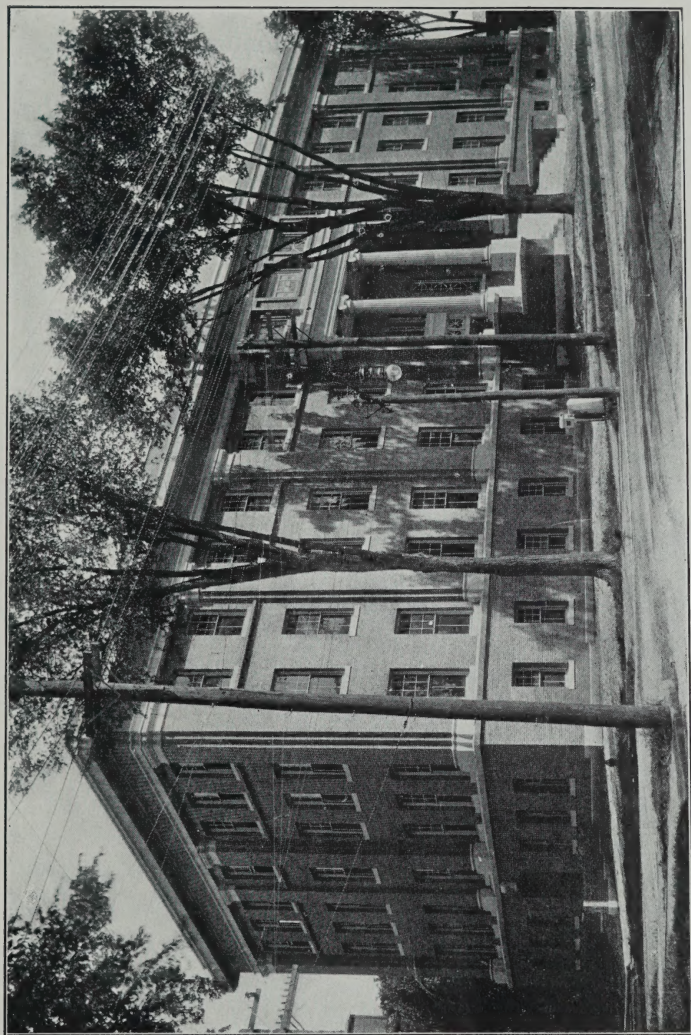
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University of Vermont College of Medicine.

The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. II.

DERRY, N. H., MAY 1906.

NO. V.

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DERRY, N. H., 1906.

As scholars of Pinkerton Academy we should think more of what our school stands for, that is, its ideals. They are lofty ones, and she labors hard that we may be able to make them our own. What then do we not owe her? We must be loyal, not indifferent. We should help to create school spirit, which is one of the most essential features of school life. We must work as a whole for the school, not as individuals. We should offer a willing hand to all which she endeavors to undertake, remembering that it is as much the fellow underneath as the fellow on top who makes the school. We owe a duty to the school in establishing her reputation. Each one exerts an influence for the

school. Shall it be good or evil? It lies with us to decide. One more duty is this; we should uphold with our labor what the school of the Past and that of the Present believe are worthy of upholding, namely, "The Philomathean Society" and the "PINKERTON CRITIC."

A music-loving audience greeted Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich and Miss Wardwell on Friday evening, April 27th, and enjoyed to the utmost the rich treat so carefully prepared for them.

The varied program was especially fine in its arrangement, giving the singers great range of style and subject, and showing their rare vocal ability to the best possible advantage.

The historical and literary setting, which Mr. Heinrich always gives to his selections, added greatly to the interest of the occasion, and held the closest attention of the audience. His absolute and complete knowledge of music, whether he speaks of the biography of composers, old or modern, of history, or of the technicalities of composition, show him to be a master of his art, and the interest and astonishment of his friends and admirers increase with each hearing.

It is hard to understand how such complete knowledge could have been acquired.

Miss Wardwell's careful training and her beautiful voice were well shown in her selections, and her well executed accompaniments proved her to be an artist of great ability.

WE are very fortunate in having so efficient a librarian as Miss Bartley. She is untiring in her willingness to serve the students. All periodicals and papers are

kept in their places. Blotters, erasers and pens are handy for the scholar's use. One needs only to mention what he wishes to find, and she soon hands him exactly what he needs.

Circe's Attendants.

We all have our thrilling, hair-breadth escape stories, and I have had my share. But my most exciting, and likewise most amusing fright happened to me by the allotment of the fates at Cherry Point, Illinois. I wonder if today you can find that name in a geography; it used to be printed on the maps of my younger days, and was known as a frontier town in the "wild and woolly West."

I was an ambitious sort of chap, and had set out from New England to make my mark in life—to win a fortune from the fertile, waving prairie land. I had my day-dreams of untold wealth unearthed by my toiling hand. I do not just know whether I imagined Captain Kidd had foreseen twentieth century locomotion, and had built for himself an airship in advance of the times, thus conveying his treasure thither without the aid of western waterways, or whether I credited in my still youthful heart the belief in his mighty, gold-laden galleons which would seem rather ludicrous flying through the air.

I was clerking in the only general store in this bustling town of the new world. And while every day of the week, except the so called "Market Day," was generally as uneventful as the life of a Puritan, the evenings were, in contrast, very full of interest. After the evening meal, the

promising citizens of the growing town would collect around our glowing stove in winter, and on the stoop outside in summer, and tell stories or debate upon the questions of the day, until the sheriff yawned, stretched his limbs, arose from the cracker barrel or nail-keg, as the case might be, and gave vent to this remark, "Guess I'll see if Jack Dow's got in with the mail yet."

Soon with the splashing and dashing of wiry tough little bronchos, the coach would come swaying and lurching in, and before long the sheriff would come back from the post-office bringing whatever mail had come to those gathered at our store. What luck it was if kind fortune had directed that a paper should fall into the hands of someone waiting there! The men would pore over the columns, gleaning every bit of news that there was in its pages. Then, too, the stage-coach driver would slouch in with his all-important air, and would give to intently listening ears such bits of information as he had picked up along his route.

One cold, blustering night of early October there had been this usual gathering at the store, and the whistle of the bleak wind had caused such unaccountable shrieks and gurgles that an almost unending store of ghost stories had been drawn upon by the assembled villagers. To be

sure, I never had believed in ghost stories, but the honesty of these pioneers, gathered from nearly every state of the Eastern border, was almost convincing, as with real earnest fervor they told their favorite tales of wandering spirits and homeless phantoms. The flickering firelight showed in bas-relief the earnest, fervent face of the storyteller, as he made his tale credible with vague gesticulations.

From my vantage-point behind the counter I could see the varying shades of emotion which each man felt. Some faces showed excitement, and a palpitating heart, others a shrinking as from fear. But such an evidence of fear by no means confirmed its whereabouts in that person's spirit, for there was no one in the room who had not had some exciting encounter with Indians, or wild beasts, or worse than either of these, civilized white men.

During the lull following one of the most exciting of ghost stories, the time-piece on the showcase—the only one in the village with a striking mechanism—chimed the hour of nine. As if in response to a military signal, every man arose from his keg of oratory, took his pipe from his mouth, knocked its unoffending head on the top of the stove until the pile of ashes reminded one of the cremated remains of a wood-cock, buttoned his overcoat, pulled on his mittens, and ventured into the night en route for home. Someone laughingly called back to me as I stood in the doorway, "Hope those ghosts won't unsettle your nerves!" Unsettle my nerves, indeed! I had never thought of such a thing until that moment. I closed the heavy door and with faintheartedness betook me to my humble couch,—a couple of blankets on the store counter.

"Scrunch! Oof! Ugh! Scrunch!" I awoke with this series of hideous sounds in my ears.

"Scrunch!" I jumped and reached for my trusty firearm.

"Bump!" Why had I not learned to use it?

"Squeak!" Hear the floor sque-e-e-ak! What was it under the store?

A prolonged "u-u-ugh!" The store cat sprang from the fire-place to one of the shelves and upset a whole box of seed-corn upon the floor.

"Woof!" Oh! horrors! Was it Indians?

The cat had dislodged a peck of white beans. Hear them drop in a shower, then one by one. The old cat! How I would like to get at you! The Indians knew that there was something above them now! They would enter—and I should not get even one shot at them. Where, oh! where, was my ammunition anyway? How could I load the gun if I had it?

Hear them crawl underneath! Whack! The war whoop next!

Slowly, one-two-three, stuttered the clock, Three o'clock! No dawn for three hours! There was no use, I must—I must make investigations.

I slowly began to slide down underneath the stock-laden counter. A paper bag full of sugar crashed to the floor. Ah! what was that shadow? The idea! There could be no shadow, it was too dark for me to see any shadow, and yet—!

I would die a martyr at my post! They had entered, whatever they were! Oh! fear clutched my throat. There were the two eyes gleaming at me! Oh horrors! Was I to be devoured by wolves?

Should I make resistance? My teeth chattered; I hid my face in a blanket.

Stealthily footfalls came patting slowly along. Oh! fool that I was! Should I act like the ostrich?

I suddenly flung aside my blanket, and seized my firearm, hoping to scare my opponent by quick action. The two fireballs twinkled, and as I flung out my defensive weapon, bounded away with a stinging hiss.

That hiss I knew! 'Twas pussy-cat Tompkins! "Woof!" Right under my very feet it sounded! An ominous silence of half an hour followed. During that space of time I sat Turk-fashion on a blanket on the floor. I could hear heavy breathing underneath me. Perhaps they were erecting a funeral pyre for my especial benefit. I did not care, if only they would let me kill one of them to accompany me to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"Squeak!" Over there in the west corner. "Woof!" An answer from the south. "Bang! Whack! Slam! Splash!" They had entered at the rear. I sprang forward, my rifle ready to descend on any obstruction. The blow fell! I fell! The gun descended from my hand. I descended with a resounding bump head-first into—cracked eggs! The cat again!

I arose calmly, slowly. With grim determination and deliberation I brushed away from my person as much of the sticky confection as I could remove with my persuasive hand, already daubed with no inconsiderable quantity of the yellowish substance.

That cat must suffer the penalty! I had no thoughts of wolves, Indians, ghosts or anything, other than the cause of my humbling in the dust.

The search began. I saw the cat's two gleaming eyes. I rushed towards them. Round and round the room we raced. I saw it was no use. The cat jumped upon the shelves and knocked off so many things that I should soon have to pay damages for every article in the store. That would never do! I bethought me! I opened the outside door!

Scurry, scurry, scurry! grunt! came from under the floor. The cat made a dash for the door. I followed. Pussy cat rushed under the store. Grunt! woof! ugh! scratch! The cat, with arched back and fluffy tail, ran out in retreat, and whizzed off up the street.

Soon, following him in zig-zag fashion, with the greatest scurry of feet, and snorting, and grunting, imaginable, with scuffling and terrified squeals, rushed an army, a horde, of—razor-back hogs!

The strain had been too severe. I collapsed with merriment. For, with the escape of those swine I realized that the intense cold had driven them under the store for warmth. With the first rays of dawn I surveyed the wreck of the merchandise, and followed the winding trail of the egg-footed cat over the store. That day I experienced the trials of housecleaning.

The Father-in-Law.

Ever since I can remember it has been my privilege to spend some part of each summer in a little old farmhouse, up

among the Green Mountains. The presiding genius of that home is a little old lady whom I call "mother." Although to

me she seems a part of the place, she has not always lived there. In her younger days she traveled much, and she was married twice before the time which brought her to the little farm to live. She is indeed a woman of many experiences, and as she is very willing to talk of them, she has always seemed to me a perfect marvel of knowledge, and I have sat at her feet for hours at a time, listening to her strange tales of people and places.

But of all her stories, I hardly know of one more strange, and certainly of none more amusing, than the story of how, when she was first married, she went to live with her husband's father, who had long been a widower. She was married a long way from where her husband had lived, and knew nothing of his home or his people except what he told her.

"I shall never forget the first time I saw the old man," she began. "He came to the station to meet us. He was the smallest man I ever saw, and so thin and wrinkled that he seemed to be literally shrinking away to nothing. He had long white whiskers and little black beady eyes. He used to hold himself very erect, and walked with a peculiar little strut that always made me think of a bantam rooster."

"The house was as strange as its owner. I can remember as plainly as if it were yesterday, how when I opened the front door and went in that day, it seemed as if I were going into a cellar. The hall was dark, and a damp chill struck into my very bones, while a musty smell filled the air. I opened the parlor door; it was the same there except for a certain yellow light, which filtered through the drawn shades. Very evidently these rooms were never used, and they seemed so dead that

I remember of wondering if they were in some way set apart for the use of the long dead mistress of the house. The parlor certainly had not been opened for years, as the dust lay thick on every thing. I found the whole house in the same condition, except the sitting-room and kitchen, and one bed-room, which had the appearance of being lived in. The whole house, however, was dark and dingy, and from the half-starved little gray cat who purred at me from under the kitchen stove, to the scrawny geranium plants ranged along the sitting-room window-sills, the place had an unkept, uncared-for appearance that was positively sickly."

"I remember that I couldn't eat any supper that night, for the sauce had the same mouldy flavor that pervaded the house, and the old man kept me from eating the bread by proudly informing me that he made it himself. He was so horribly dirty about his person that I feared to taste his cooking, lest I should consume my destined 'peck of dirt' at one meal, and so die immediately."

"How I ever lived through the days that followed is more than I can tell. No young woman ever had more trouble with a mother-in-law than I had with that man. You see he had no trade. For years he had done his own housework and enough farming to provide for his own needs. You would naturally think that he would have been glad to have a woman come into his home once more, and relieve him of work which is naturally distasteful to any man, but such was not the case. He seemed very loth to turn over to another the care of the house, and was always interfering in one way or another."

"You can imagine that for some time I found much extra work to be done, and

did not maintain that system about my housework which I do now. (Mother prides herself on her 'system'). So it happened that I went to bed one night without washing the supper dishes. When I came down in the morning there he stood, with black rimmed spectacles on his thin, hooked nose, clutching in one of his dirty hands a filthy dish-mop, and in the other a plate half submerged in the water-tank on the back of the stove, which he was evidently substituting for a dish-pan."

"He always used to stand around and watch me get the breakfast, now spreading out his thin hands over the stove, and now putting his feet in the oven, dirty boots and all. Of course all these things annoyed me, but I did not know how to manage the old man, who was full of notions, and persistent to such a degree that I used to think him crazy. One of his most peculiar freaks was hiding eggs. I think he would have been a miser if he had had money enough, but since he had

not, and since eggs always brought him good money, he treasured those instead. I have found them tucked away on the top shelf of the cupboard, in the waste-paper basket under his desk, in an unused manger in the barn, under the stairs leading to the barn chamber, and in all manner of strange places."

"As summer came on he used always to gather the berries in the garden and deal them out to me sparingly, selling the rest. He was so odd about the berries. He used to hull them himself out in the barn before he brought them in, and once, when he saw me wash them, he was greatly displeased, and told me I would wash away all the taste, and commanded me never to do it again."

"Oh, he was a peculiar old man! For three months I lived with him, and every day he developed some fresh peculiarity, until finally we left him to his own resources, and went into a little home of our own, which was a much happier arrangement for all parties concerned."

Philomathean Society.

The officers of the Philomathean Society as elected at the business meeting for this term are as follows: President, Ray A. Clement, '06; Vice-President, James I. Miltimore, '06; Secretary and Treasurer, Florence E. Marsh, '06; Second Prudential, Ruth B. Merriam, '06; Third Prudential, Mahlon Bancroft, '06; Marshal, C. Winthrop Hobbs, '06.

On April 5, occurred the first meeting of the term. The debate was extemporaneous, on the subject; "Resolved: That a scientific education fits men for life bet-

ter than a classical one." Affirmative, Carl Forsaith; negative, Paul H. Clifford. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

On April 11, the question for debate was; "Resolved: That strikes do more harm than good." Affirmative, Dionisio Lamas; negative, Maurice Young. Both speakers defended their sides very well and their debates showed careful preparation. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

The regular debate for April 18, was;

"Resolved: That men of later times have been greater than men of earlier times." Affirmative, Miss Elsa Hefner; negative, Miss Helen Fisher. The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative.

At the meeting of April 26, Ivan Morrison and Harold Abbott furnished the entertainment of the afternoon by speaking upon the subject; "Resolved: That post-office officials should be chosen by competitive examinations rather than by

appointment." Ivan Morrison, who spoke on the affirmative, had the honor of winning the debate.

As the baseball practice tends to lessen the attendance at the meeting on Thursday afternoons, permission has been kindly granted the Society to hold its meetings on Thursday evenings. It is hoped that thereby more members may attend, and a greater interest may be manifested in the Society.

SECRETARY.

The Academy Crow.



They say there's been a big earthquake in San Francisco, and it seems to me it must have affected the Academy. The way the windows rattled and the wall's reverberated was something immense. As the noise seemed to come from the chapel

I looked in. Well of all things, they have a new elocution teacher named Miss Nourse, and the noise was caused by the Senior boys reciting "The Bootblack."

One day none of the scholars came until noon, and then, instead of going into the building, they went out on the Campus. "Kike" and some others played a cosmopolitan crew called the Alumni. Well, "Kike" won, so everybody was pleased.

As I watched the scholars come to school one morning I noticed that everybody turned and looked twice at the Senior girls. They had their hair all done

up on their heads. Some said that 'twould be a good idea for the boys to come some day with their boots blacked.

One night the Middlers had a social. They had little hens to mate with. The scholars guessed some puzzles, drank a lot of punch, and took the long way home. Everybody said that he had a good time.

Hearing a great clapping in the office the other day, I was filled with such consternation (for usually anything but clapping can be heard there) that I flew to a nearby tree to view the scene of action. The honors had been given out. Three of the scholars looked quite happy, but the rest looked almost heartbroken. The happy ones were Mr. Clement, Miss Merriam and Miss Clark.

Mr. Heinrich gave a recital the other evening and was assisted by Miss Wardwell. He sang in several different languages. As the people all tried to make themselves believe that they understood, it was all right.

Daily Themes.

Awake! awake! ye people! Why stand ye thus in idleness? The days of microbes and bacilli are upon us! Go ye, sterilize the water, and well look to your meat. For in them countless millions lurk, and strive to do us danger. Then, forward to the battle! and with the disinfectants drive every living microbe to its rightful death.

Another attraction has been added to the Senior room. It is a pair of new shoes. They arrived this morning, and came into the room to the tune of "Anona" or something similar. The teacher scowled; but the students hailed them with delight. Hereafter, we shall learn our lessons with orchestral accompaniment, and our tempers will be tempered.

I wonder what kind of fellow I am anyway. Think I'll look in a glass and find out. Whew! wonder if other people know all that. Can they see through my outer bluff and find that I am one of that class that knows how to tie a bone on a dog's nose, spot the solar plexus in football, or ride a pony in examinations?

Do they know that I know that I know it all? Can they see my Cupid, my Satan, my Judas, my Hercules, my Goethe or my Chickering? If they can, I am going to hang myself with an old suspender. But as a fellow's hide holds a multitude of sins, I am in hopes to graduate anyway.

It holds its meetings in the country store of a small New Hampshire village. Little do people realize what great and momentous subjects are here discussed. It is a pity that the President of the United States is not aware of the advice

and criticism here offered concerning his various views and actions towards the great questions of the day. If he only knew of it, he surely would have the assembly come to Washington in a body. But as he still remains ignorant of this excellent council, they continue every evening to gather around the long-funneled stove and carry on their discussions beneath the glow of the dirty, greasy lamps.

It has for its members the grey-haired story teller whom only the village parson has had the pleasure of excelling, a little thin, dried up man with black hair and small beady eyes, who is the great weather prophet, a portly gentleman with his hands generally in his pockets, bearing the burden of the whole "Democratic Party." The "Republican Party" is duly represented in the character of a much younger man, who is the village school-teacher; but last although not least, by any means, is the humorist, a merry round faced gentleman with twinkling eyes. He may besides be rightly termed the peace-maker, for the society could not exist without him.

Tommy was a good scholar, that is, he was capable of learning, but his ideas of having a good deal of fun were a serious hindrance to his lessons. However, Tommy was "plugging," for had not Teacher said that today the scholars could have a spelling-match? And best of all, did she not promise a gold dollar to the one who stood up longest? Now there was the "dandiest" air-gun in the store window for exactly one dollar, and Tommy wanted an air-gun. Hence Tommy was studying very, very hard.

The spelling-match was growing exciting, and the scholars had begun spelling down. Every few words some one would go to his seat very sad indeed. Then groups of twos and threes went down on the same word, until only Jimmy Tolliver, Bennie Morse, and Tommy remained unvanquished. The interest of all the school was centered on these three, and the three felt that their reputations were at stake.

Tommy was spelling carefully, and slowly, with the vision of that air-gun before his eyes. Bennie went down on "neuralgia!" Now it was a race to the death, for Jimmy had the reputation of being the best speller in school, and the words were becoming harder and harder.

"Pneumonia," said Teacher. It was Jimmy's turn. He confidently spelled "Pnu-mon-i-a." "Next," said Teacher. The vision of the air-gun had vanished, and instead Tommy saw in his mind, a bottle with some wiggling worms in it, and on it he read, "A Sure Cure For Pneumonia." Tommy glowed and spelled, "Pneu-mon-i-a."

The air-gun was won, and Tommy blessed a certain part of his fishing tackle.

Secure a pair of skates at a skate-store, and then if you are wise, proceed to a Life Insurance Agency and have your life insured. When you have done all this, go to the pond, and if there is no ice, wait until the pond freezes over.

Then step boldly forth upon the ice, and strap on your skates. Undoubtedly your fingers will become nearly frozen while you are monkeying with the contrivance which causes your skates to cling

to your feet, and incidentally, not to the ice. But do not be discouraged. Think of the maxim, "The worst is yet to come." You ought to think deeply about it then, because after your lesson in skating has begun, your mind will be absorbed in the problem of gravitation. And I should have told you before not to put on your skates at too great a distance from "terra-firma," because it might prove too strenuous an exertion for you to reach it again.

The next step is this; rise slowly until you stand firmly on the ice, and then pull on your mittens. If you have not lost your equilibrium during these evolutions, brace your legs firmly under you. Next bend swiftly forward with the long, sweeping stroke which you have seen so many experienced skaters use.

The result will surprise you, it may even stun you. It really cannot be prevented, and therefore when you find yourself going backward, it is not much use to interfere. Perhaps you will see stars; perhaps not. It depends a great deal upon your weight.

After this, rest a while, but do not wholly give up. Remember, "If at first you don't succeed try, try again." Never try to make any fancy designs except those which you cannot help. After you have skated upon almost every part of your anatomy except your feet, you will finally conclude that no one needs skates to skate. Then after taking them off, you will limp homeward, a sadder but a wiser being, who wonders how he can have changed in so short a time from a Caucasian to an African, varying in color from blue to black.



Grinds.



Miss C. in Commercial Geography: "Hunt, what are the agricultural products of Holland?"

Hunt: "Butter and cheese."

Miss C.: "What do you have to have before you can get the butter and cheese?"

Hunt: "Hens!"

Teacher in Middle English, reading a sentence to be corrected: "Was you one of those boys I saw last night?"

Bradford '07, (startled). "No marm!"

Miss T. comparing old, "positive old; comparative more old; superlative most old."

Teacher: "To what class of people did Doubting Thomas belong?"

H --- s '06, "The Heathens."

Teacher: "What relation was she to Mrs. Godfrey?"

Bright pupil: "Oh, a niece or something."

The Senior French class seem to be having great trouble mastering, "Thee and thou." "We sing our praises to thou" is a favorite expression of one pupil.

The Greek History class is certainly one to be proud of. One of its members

says that the Ionic column had a capital with spinal gollapues.

"Cleopatra sent a false messenger to Antony to tell him she was dead."

Ask Hobbs '06, if he thinks Clifford's mother looks young.

Why does "Cy Young" '08 object so much to his little brother's company on sociable nights? And why was he, "Cy," so sad the night of the Athletic Fair?

Ask W. S. N. '08 how he liked the self-invited company in the back of the sleigh the last night of the term.

The same old gag, "Young '09 'illuminated' the x's."

The Rainy Day Club has been reinstating many former members.

Can McDuffie give any specific reason for his ears being frozen after the Junior social?

"Hundert Livres ist er emter Brudern wert." "Seeing its you, a hundred livers." C. R. H. '06.

Shepard '07 states in solid geometry, "The lateral area of a coon!"

Skimmie says "Switzerland is a feminine

country outside of Europe!"

The captain of '07 Track Team has discovered a long distance runner of great speed and endurance.

Bancroft said that the horses and carts and people flew over to California in 1849,

A Pinkerton Social.

At the door you are met by the reception committee and given very dainty-favors,—delicately served chickens or the like,—with which you are to get a partner for the match promenade, which is THE event of the evening, (provided you find a satisfactory match.)

You hardly recover your breath before you are requested to guess what characters are represented by certain pictures, which are supposed to be on the wall, but many of which have been blown down by the hurry and excitement of the match promenade. This guessing contest is very often the salvation of the sociable; for of course the social committee is very much rushed for time, and if the question comes up: "What shall we have for the principal number on the program, to take up the most time?" there is always one answer ready: "Let's make them guess something, and they won't realize how fast the time goes." It is so handy to have something to fall back upon,—something that you never get tired of (?).

After you have worked hard on puzzles, the social committee begins to feel rather conscience-smitten for making you entertain yourself, so its members ascend the stage and try their best to keep your attention from the punch table by what are supposed to be sweet songs and dramatically rendered readings. Their efforts too often are only in vain!

However there is one way to get you

away from punch, and that is to announce a hot-coffee promenade,—for you like variety just as every one else does, and you surely get it in a "hot-coffee." If you don't seem to be changing partners so often as you would like, you just want to say to your partner: "Let's drop back; there doesn't seem to be much enthusiasm about this." Thus you help on the sociable as well as yourself. This of course won't do in any other promenade, even if your partner doesn't suit you in the least.

By this time the evening is well along,—much to the relief of the social committee,—and after another promenade or two, (in fact as many as can be got in before nine-thirty), you go up by the piano, and join everybody else in singing some "good old songs."

Then you say good-night, and you must be sure not to forget to say what an unusually fine time you have had, to the social committee first of all, then to the members of the entertaining class, unless perhaps some have gone out a little early, so as to be home by ten sharp (?).

The Seniors Go To Washington.

In the latter part of a pleasant afternoon in June a train started out of the South Station of Boston, bearing the precious burden of about a score of young people, most of whom had just finished a course in Pinkerton, together with the Parson and his wife, and a few other friends. The train rushed on and the party was at its highest state of enjoyment. It had been dark outside for quite a while, and the tourists had about gotten over that first feeling of strangeness that always comes to inexperienced travelers, and were becoming accustomed to their

surroundings, when Jim, as the brakeman was passing through the car, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "If you please, I'd like to go to bed now."

The brakeman looked dumfounded for a minute, and then passed on in the midst of laughter, leaving some one else to explain to Jim that they did not sleep on the train, but on the boat. We do not know whether Jim was over-anxious to see what a sleeping-car looked like, or whether his life-long habit of going to bed with the roosters prompted him to this action.

They arrived at Fall River and got aboard the boat all right, and were shown to their sleeping berths. Of course all the usual discomforts and inconveniences were encountered; but Wint, poor Wint, sat down with a very melancholy look on his face. Six feet four, and unshrinkable! What could he do? But as good luck would have it, there was a porthole in his berth, and he had a fine night's sleep with his pedal extremities extended out over the briny deep, an extraordinary roost for sea gulls.

Having reached Jersey City, all who felt so inclined partook of breakfast, after which they proceeded to Philadelphia. Here they took in the Mint, where Walter displayed a five dollar bill and got it changed into bright silver pieces, (shiny pennies always please children as you know). Walter now made so much noise with all this change loose in his pocket, that a man who acted in an official capacity detained him for further examination; he evidently thought that our poor Walter was taking a handful to remember them by. After this they visited the "Cradle of Liberty" and enjoyed themselves greatly writing their names down

upon the book of visitors. A smile passed over the face of the man in charge as they left, for Esther had written 1776 instead of 1906; this mistake was due no doubt to Mr. Reynolds's overtaking course in United States History.

They were all ready to take the train, when the Parson's wife, Blanche, and Nellie proved to be missing, and barely boarded the train before it pulled out; the desire to be rocked in the "Cradle of Liberty" was not so strong with them as that ever dominant love of a woman for bargains. Wanamaker's had been their goal, and we can imagine what the Parson and the two chosen boys said (or thought) while carrying the bundles around all the rest of the time.

While they were enjoying their first repast at one of the best hotels in Washington, Ray was heard to say "Yes, beans if you please." We do not know whether he got them or not, but we think that the different looks that he got must have taken away his appetite a little.

The first day they got up very early and took a trip to the Zoological Gardens. As they were meandering around Ikey got a little way behind and endeavored to catch up by a short cross country sprint. Whack! a fence met him with a blow which, if it had been received on the foot ball field, would have made him famous for a week. He was no doubt very much "impressed" by the fact that even if the animals did look as if they were free, there were fences just the same. That afternoon they visited the Corcoran Art Gallery, where Ruth and Emma spent quite a number of their precious moments copying their favorite pictures, after which they carefully folded them up and gave them to Walter to carry for them, wh

sad to relate, lost them on the way.

The next morning the Patent Office called them first, where Carl left his plan for a perpetual motion machine which he had discussed during a whole physics recitation with Mr. Campbell, much to the delight of the rest of the class, who acted as if they were glad to have some one for a spokesman. At the dead letter office Fritz was very much abashed on finding among the most amusing specimens, a letter he had written. Evidently he had had one of his young lady correspondents in mind when he wrote the name, another when he wrote the address, and possibly a third when he wrote the letter itself.

They refreshed themselves just before dinner by walking up and down the long dark halls of the Treasury building. The Smithsonian Institution seemed a good subject for after dinner thought, and thither they went. Florence entertained them very pleasantly by giving the history of every bird, beast, and butterfly there. The only mistake she made was in very confidently telling them that the first printing press in America was the skeleton of an extinct animal of which she had forgotten the name.

Next morning under the generalship of the Parson they started out for Arlington, and under his direction got on a car that read "Arlington and Georgetown." Words can not express the feelings of the Parson on their arrival at Georgetown, as he realized that a car is capable of running either way, and not always the way you think it is going to. But never mind; Georgetown is an interesting place and they had a fine time there. When they finally did arrive at Arlington, they en-

joyed it very much in the way you would enjoy a place of its kind.

They were overcome as all are by the solemnity of the acres of graves, and realized more than ever before what a nation costs in blood. As Bancroft was standing before the monument of the unknown dead he was almost overcome and very unconsciously kicked a shot from off a nearby pile and put it in his pocket as a souvenir; but he was detected in the act by a short stocky fellow, and awakened from his reverie he placed it back and passed on. History was only repeating herself; it was the very same thing that happened last year at a certain baseball game when he forgot and put a baseball in his pocket. On going home from this eventful trip to Arlington, they discovered that Alice and Lowell were missing. On sending Fritz back to find them it was found that they were both very much taken with the temple of fame and were studying its architecture.

When they visited the old church in Alexandria, and as they were taking turns sitting in Washington's old pew, Marguerite entertained them by singing hymn 355, whose familiar sound reminded them of chapel days gone forever.

We have no doubt that they on some pleasant afternoon enjoyed a ride down the Potomac, and an afternoon at Mt. Vernon, and also that the White House, the Congressional Library, and all other places of interest and study were visited by them, but as the writer had to depart before they had time to seek revenge, he left them with the Parson and wished them a happy home-coming.

Athletics.

The activity in athletics is greater than usual this spring, owing to our long schedule in base ball and the prospects of a track meet with Sanborn Seminary. Mr. J. T. Keady is coaching the base ball team and Mr. Joseph L. Connor the track team.

The outlook in base ball is bright. With West and Hall in the box, Bancroft behind the bat, and nearly all of last year's team in the field, Pinkerton has no excuse for anything but a first-class team. But the fellows must learn one great lesson; no team can win from one that is anywhere near it in ability without playing ball every instant. Listlessness, poor coaching, slackness in base-running, and a general appearance of indifference, will kill the chances of the best-equipped team ever put into the field. Pinkerton stands behind her teams and demands that they do her credit.

The athletic agreement with Sanborn has been signed. Each year the two schools will meet in baseball, football, and track athletics. The track meet this year will be held in Kingston, June 2.

PINKERTON 4; ALUMNI 3.

Fast Day, April 19, the base ball team played its first regular game with a picked team from the Alumni. Although Hall did not have the support that his work justified, the Academy boys won 4 to 3. The features of the game were the work of the batteries and the two base hits of Bancroft and Newell.

The score:

PINKERTON ACADEMY.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Fred Corson, 1b,	4	0	0	12	0	0
West, 3b,	4	0	1	0	1	0
Bancroft, c,	3	0	0	12	0	1
Knight, ss,	3	2	1	0	4	4

Hall, p,	4	0	0	0	6	0
Neller, cf,	3	0	0	1	0	0
Clark, lf,	1	2	0	1	0	0
McDuffie, 2b,	1	0	0	0	2	4
Wilson, cf,	3	0	0	1	0	0
	26	4	2	27	13	9

ALUMNI.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Nichols, p,	5	1	0	1	1	0
Newell, 1b,	4	0	0	7	0	0
Robinson, c,	5	0	0	11	4	1
Bell, 2b,	5	0	1	2	3	0
Bartlett, 3b,	5	1	1	4	2	1
Scribner, lf,	3	1	0	1	0	0
Tourtellot, cf,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Moody, rf,	3	0	2	0	0	0
Frank Corson, ss,	4	0	1	0	0	1
	38	3	5	27	10	3

P. A.,	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	0-4
Alumni,	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-3

Struck out—by Nichols 9, by Hall 8; Base on balls—Nichols 3, Hall 3; Sacrifice hits, Moody 1, Bancroft 1. Umpires—Clarence Proctor and Dr. L. G. Dearborn, Jr. Time—1 hour and 45 minutes.

NASHUA 10; PINKERTON 7.

April 21, Pinkerton was beaten by Nashua 10 to 7 in a seven inning game. Nashua secured a lead in the early part of the game by bunching hits, and by taking advantage of their opponent's errors. But as the game progressed Pinkerton began to creep up, and, had the full number of innings been played, might have won.

Score by innings:

Nashua	0	5	0	4	1	0	x-10
Pinkerton	0	0	0	1	3	1	2-7
Hits—Nashua, 13; Pinkerton, 6. Errors—Nashua, 3; Pinkerton, 6; Batteries—Ekstrom and Griswold; West and Bancroft. Umpires, Page and Robinson.							

MANCHESTER 5; PINKERTON 4.

April 28, Manchester won from Pinkerton after a stubborn contest by a score of 5 to 4. Hall pitched well, and was given good support. Pinkerton lost the game because of poor coaching of base runners and listless playing at critical moments.

is presented. Nothing runs down a paper so quickly as cheap paper and a shabby cover.

The Volunteer for April is well edited. The article entitled "Dorothy Verdon Sub-Guard" follows the usual trend of stories from school life. Your Alumni column seems as much "an afterthought" as the exchange column in the *Sanborn Echo*.

The Colby Academy *Voice* is a fine paper throughout. The March issue contains many well written stories. Very thrilling is the one entitled "A Drummer's Experience with a Ghost." We are glad to see that you have a new original school song.

We are glad to welcome the *Tahoma* from Tacoma, Washington. Every freshman should read the editorial on "Success in School." The *Tahoma* is blessed with a very artistic cover. Its dedication is very appropriate; "To the non-subscribers, to the knockers, to the students who read other people's Tahomas."

The Bugle from Bakersfield, Vt., would be a more interesting and spicy paper if its articles were not so long. More could be made of the editorials also. They are an important part of a school paper. But who are we that we may criticise?

Many scholars of Pinkerton have praised the cover of the February number of the *Coburn Clarion*. It would be nice if all papers could have the school seal adorn

their covers.

The Debater from W. H. S. is a new exchange. We are glad to see that they have Capt. James Keady as base-ball couch. The boys of Pinkerton have begun to work under his training and like him very much. The CRITIC does not feel that your parody on "Mark Antony's Oration over Caesar" improves your paper. The parody is being overdone. "Too much of a good thing is no good thing at all." It seems shameful that in order to maintain a school paper it has to be filled with the wreckage of good literature.

The April *Tattler* from Nashua does not merit any special praise. It seems almost as if a city high school could edit a paper of an higher order. The blame should not always fall on the editors. The greater portion falls to the student body, who should uphold them.

One of the most clever exchanges received is the *Old Gold and Blue*. There is originality in it from cover to cover. The article on "Curious Signs and Names" has caused much laughter.

Other exchanges received are as follows; *The Academician* Pembroke, N. H.; *The Hermonite*, Mount Hermon, Mass.; *Ye Tattler*, Lebanon, N. H.; *The Quarterly Tattler*, New York, N. Y.; *Country Time and Tide*.



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